



COWBOY WESTERN
PRESENTS WILD BILL HICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

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presents

No 60

Wild Bill Hickok and JINGLES

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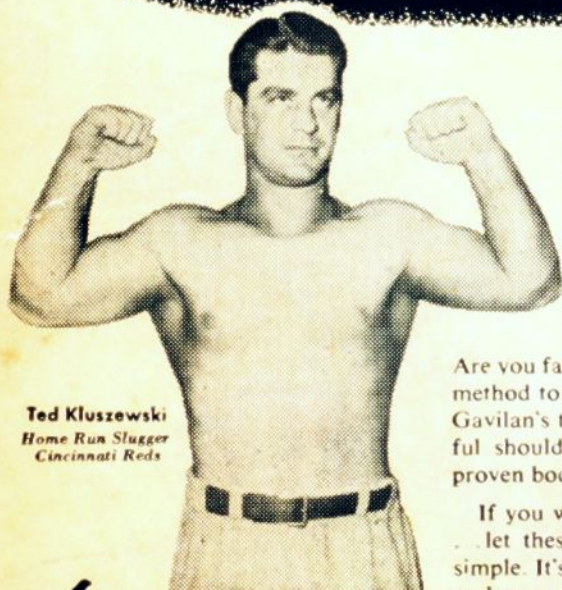




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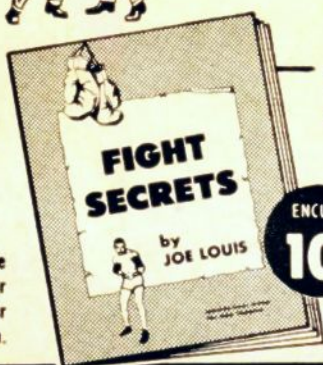


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COWBOY WESTERN

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COWBOY WESTERN

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BY THE
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THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Alfred P. Figo Executive Editor

BANKER JOHN RIDDEN APPARENTLY HAD A HUNCH ABOUT THE LARGE BUNDLE OF CASH BEING SHIPPED TO HIS CATTLEMEN'S BANK--ENOUGH TO ASK MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK FOR AN EXTRA GUARD ON THE STAGE THAT WAS BRINGING IT IN. IT LOOKED SIMPLE ENOUGH--BUT THE MONEY WAS A HEADACHE FOR WILD BILL AND JINGLES BEFORE IT WAS DELIVERED.

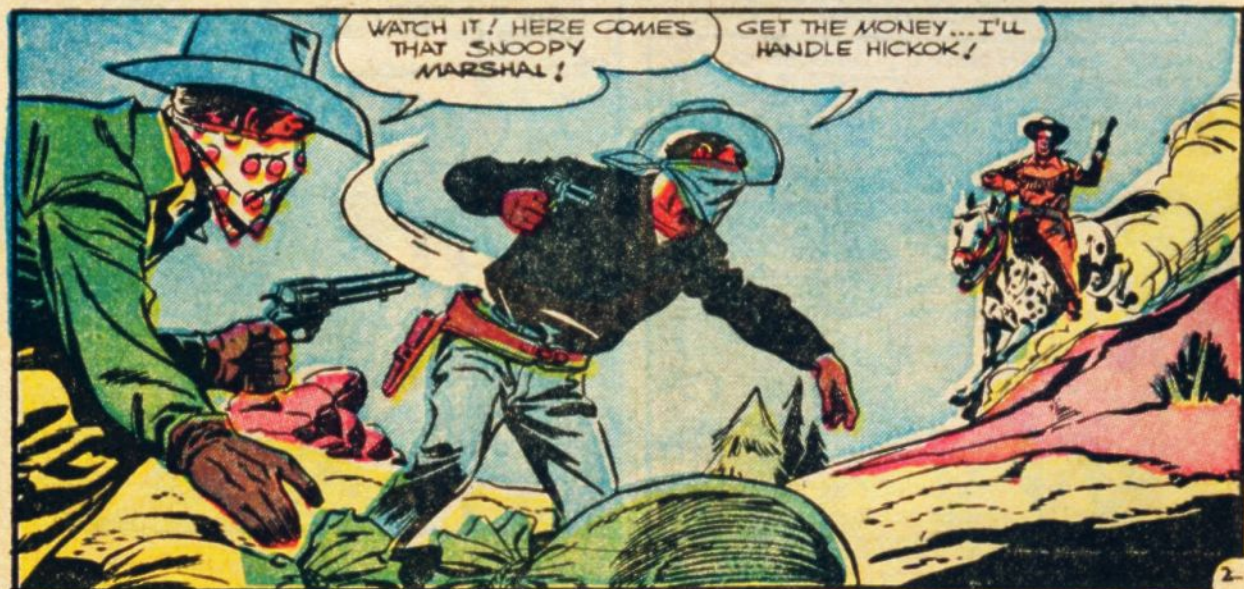
Wild Bill Hickok AND JINGLES in THE DISAPPEARING PAYROLL



THE ELUSIVE PAYROLL WAS SHIPPED FROM DODGE CITY--AND JOHN RIDDEN EXPRESSED WORRY TO MARSHAL HICKOK...



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

MISSED AGAIN! YOU'RE TOO LUCKY FOR ME, HICKOK!

I'LL FEEL A LOT LUCKIER WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, BUSTER!



WILD BILL HAD REASONS FOR WANTING THE MAN ALIVE ... BUT JUST AS HE THOUGHT HE HAD HIM - BILL'S HORSE STUMBLERD ...

STEADY, BOY! WE'LL GET HIM SOME OTHER TIME!

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU RAN OUT, HICKOK!



THEY SURE SURPRISED ME, BILL! IF YOU DIDN'T SHOW UP, THEY'D A GOT THE MONEY!

WELL, THEY WON'T TRY AGAIN! STICK WITH THE STAGE -- I'LL RIDE AHEAD!



LATER, IN TOWN...

SO JINGLES HAS THE MONEY! IS IT ALL THERE?

SURE! THEY DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO TAKE ANY! JINGLES IS PROBABLY SITTING ON IT RIGHT NOW! HERE THEY COME NOW!



HERE'S YOUR BANKROLL, RIDDEN! I TOOK CARE OF IT LIKE A MOTHER HEN DOES HER CHICKS!

FINE, JINGLES! THANKS VERY MUCH!



JINGLES DINED LIGHTLY ON A FEW STEAKS AND PIES! THEN...

RIDDEN'S HUNCH WAS SOLID, JINGLES! LUCKY WE WERE AROUND!

YEAH... BUT I RECKON I'M GONNA WATCH THAT MONEY A MITE LONGER! THAT HUNCH WAS TOO GOOD!



COWBOY WESTERN

RIDDEN AND THE TELLER ARE WORKIN' LATE IN THE BANK -- BUT THEM TWO JASPER'S DON'T LOOK LIKE BANKERS TUH ME!



DOGGONE IT, WHAT ARE THEY MUMBLIN' ABOUT? I RECKON I'D BETTER GO IN THERE AN' FIND OUT!



OKAY, GENTS, GET 'EM UP TILL I FIND OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG -- OR MAYBE THERE IS, I HAVEN'T COUNTED THAT CASH SHIPMENT YET!



THE BEEFY DEPUTY WATCHED JOHN RIDDEN UNLOCK THE BAGS-- THEN RIDDEN SWINGS AROUND AND JINGLES REALIZED WHAT HIS PLAN WAS...

YOU MEN SAW THAT! THE BAG THIS MAN WAS GUARDING ARRIVED EMPTY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! HE STOLE IT!

NOBODY'LL BELIEVE THAT, RIDDEN! YUH CAN'T FRAME ME!



SOMEONE GET THE... OH, HICKOK! ARREST YOUR DEPUTY! HE REMOVED THE CASH BEFORE HE DELIVERED THE MONEY TO HIS BANK! THESE MEN ARE WITNESSES!

IF YOU MAKE THE CHARGES, I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!



BILL, WE'RE PALS! YUH CAN'T DO THIS TUH ME!

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D TURN OUTLAW, JINGLES -- BUT RIDDEN IS A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN AND I HAVE TO TAKE HIS WORD!



COWBOY WESTERN

I DON'T CARE IF I GO TO PRISON NOW, YUH TURNED ON ME, BILL!

RELAX, JINGLES! I JUST WANT TO LEARN WHAT RIDDEN'S UP TO! YOU'LL BE OUT OF THERE IN NO TIME AT ALL!



RIDDEN FILED CHARGES AGAINST JINGLES THE NEXT MORNING... WITH THREE WITNESSES TO SWEAR THE CHARGES ARE TRUE...

JINGLES SURE SURPRISED ME... I WONDER WHAT HE DID WITH THE MONEY?

YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT, HICKOK! HE HAS HIDDEN IT SOMEWHERE!



THE FOOLS FELL FOR IT! LISTEN--I HAVE A PLAN TO GET EVERY DIME WE HAVE IN THE BANK! TELL LEO AND PAJ TO COME TO THE BANK!



YOU SAVED YOUR NECK MAKIN' UP YOUR SHORTAGES, RIDDEN--NOW WE'LL MAKE PROFITS LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS BEFORE YUH TURNED "HONEST".

HONEST? I'M SICK OF BEING RESPECTABLE! DON'T FORGET, TAKE JINGLES OUT OF THAT CELL IF YUH HAVE TO CARRY HIM OUT!



THAT NIGHT... AFTER WILD BILL WENT OUT TO EAT...

WE KNOW YOU'RE INNOCENT, JINGLES--SO WE CAME TUH GET YUH OUT! WE GOT A HORSE OUTSIDE!

GEE, FELLAS, THAT'S SWELL!



THE TWO OUT-LAWS AND JINGLES RODE OUT OF TOWN-- THEIR DESTINATION, A SMALL CABIN IN THE HILLS! WHILE IN TOWN AT THE BANK...



COWBOY WESTERN



THE FAMOUS MARSHAL LOOKED AROUND, AND RIDDEN DISAPPEARED! HE WAS ONLY A MOMENT AHEAD OF WILD BILL ON THE TRAIL TO THE HILLS...



END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles in

TROUBLE ON THE TRAIL

WHEN A TRAIL HERD HIT TOWN IT MEANT MANY THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE -- RICH TRADE FOR THE MERCHANTS AND GAMBLERS, INCONVENIENCE AND FRIGHT FOR OTHERS -- AND A LOT OF WORK FOR WILD BILL HICKOK!



YUH BACKED 'EM DOWN, BILL, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK! THEM TEXANS ARE TROUBLE -- 'SPECIALLY CAM EDWARDS' CREW!

IF I TAME THEM, THE OTHERS WILL CALM DOWN! THERE'S A SHOWDOWN DUE SOON!

ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN THIS TOWN, HICKOK? WE'D STARVE WITHOUT THE COWPUNCHER'S BUSINESS!

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR US BUSINESSMEN, MARSHAL! WE THINK YOU'RE PRETTY HIGHHANDED!



COWBOY WESTERN



CAN EDWARDS KNOW HOW THE SHADIER MERCHANTS FELT ABOUT THE TRAIL CREWS! HE CAME BACK THE NEXT DAY -- ALONE ...



THE GREAT MARSHAL SUDDENLY KNEW THAT EDWARDS WAS OUT FOR A SHOWDOWN...



COWBOY WESTERN

CAM EDWARDS PAID THE FINES THE NEXT MORNING AND RODE OUT...



HE SURE TALKS DANGEROUS, PARTNER. RECKON HE'S BLUFFIN'?



CAM SAID TUH BUNCH ALL THE HERDS FOR A DRIVE. I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA LOAD 'EM AT THE RAILROAD TODAY!

EDWARDS IS UP TUH SOMETHIN' BIG. HE MUST HAVE TEN THOUSAND LONG HORNS IN THAT HERD!



LATER, BACK IN TOWN...

HE'S GOT ALL THE HERDS BUNCHED FOR A DRIVE, BILL! THEY'RE GONNA START RIGHT AWAY...

I WAS AFRAID HE'D TRY THAT. GET ALL THE MEN TOGETHER--WE HAVE TO WORK FAST!



EDWARDS AND THE OTHER TRAIL DRIVERS ARE OUT TO SMASH THIS TOWN. I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO DRIVE THOUSANDS OF STEERS RIGHT OVER US IF WE LET 'EM. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO!

YOU DID THIS, HICKOK! IF YUH LET THEM ALONE, WE'D ALL MAKE MONEY AND HAVE PEACE!

YEAH--AND THE WOMEN WOULD BE AFRAID TO GO OUT OF THE HOUSE!



COWBOY WESTERN

THE TOWNSMEN GRUMBLED BUT HICKOK MADE THEM GATHER HAY BALES, WOOD, ANYTHING THAT WOULD BURN! THEN...



IT BETTER BE! I CAN HEAR THE HERDS MOVIN' THIS WAY RIGHT NOW!



HEY, BOSS--THEY GOT SORT OF A FENCE TUB KEEP THE HERD AWAY!

NO FENCE WILL STOP THEM NOW!

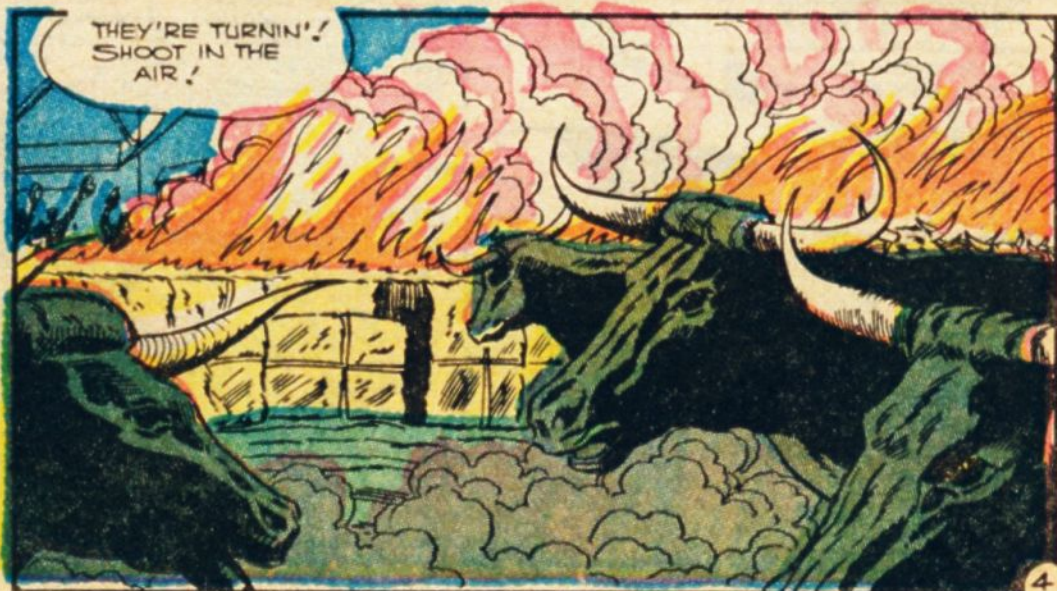


SET IT OFF, MEN! MAKE SURE IT GETS A GOOD START!



THE HUGE HERD WAS ALMOST TO THE FLAMING BARRIER WHEN IT STARTED TO TURN! EDWARDS' CREW COULDN'T FORCE THEM ON...

THEY'RE TURNIN'! SHOOT IN THE AIR!



COWBOY WESTERN



END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok and Jingles in DODGE CITY Express

IT BEGAN AS A ROUTINE TRIP TO DODGE CITY TO PICK UP A PRISONER AND THE FAMOUS MARSHAL HAD TO GO BY TRAIN! HE PREPARED HIMSELF FOR A DULL TRIP BUT WITH THE SPICE OF PURE GOLD AND THE GREED OF A BAND OF OUTLAWS, THE TRIP TURNED OUT TO BE INTERESTING AFTER ALL!



"WE'LL GET TO DODGE CITY IN FOUR OR FIVE HOURS."

"I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS HERE WHILE YOU'RE GONE, BILL."

"RIGHT JINGLES! YOU'VE GOT SOME ROUGH PASSENGERS RIDIN' TODAY, ART! THERE'S ABOUT HALF A DOZEN MEN I KNOW OF WHO SPENT TIME IN PRISON HERE."

AND AS THE TRAIN PULLED OUT OF THE STATION...



"HI, PETE! WHEN WAS YOUR TIME UP?"

"LAY OFF, HICKOK! I DID MY TIME!"

SOME OF THE HARDEST CASES IN KANSAS WERE ON THAT TRAIN, AND THEY WERENT ALL THERE BY ACCIDENT...



"IT LOOKS LIKE OLD HOME WEEK, CURLY! YOU BOYS GOIN' TO A CAKE BAKIN' CONTEST?"

"IF I EVER BAKE ONE FOR YOU, HICKOK--YOU WON'T LIKE IT!"

COWBOY WESTERN

TELL THE CONDUCTOR THAT BILL HICKOK WANTS TO TALK TO HIM!

HOLD ON! I'LL SEE IF HE'S HERE!



HELLO, BILL! THIS IS TED DILLON, MANAGER OF THE TEN STRIKE MINE! SHOW HIM WHAT WE'VE GOT IN HERE, TED...

GLAD YOU'RE ON BOARD, MARSHAL! TAKE A LOOK...



THERE'S SEVENTY THOUSAND IN THAT ONE BOX, MARSHAL! I HIRED EXTRA GUARDS TO MAKE SURE IT GETS TO DODGE!



THERE'S ENOUGH THERE TO TURN AN HONEST MAN CROOKED! AND MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR SOME OF THE MEN ON THIS TRAIN TO RUSH THIS CAR!

WAIT, BILL! WHY DON'T YOU STAY HERE? WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



THE OUTLAWS HAD SEEN HIM ENTER THE CAR... AND THE MARSHAL WANTED THEM TO SEE HIM LEAVE...

THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO DEADHEAD ALL THE WAY IN THERE, MARSHAL!

WHAT YOU THOUGHT DOESN'T BOTHER ME, CURLY! STAND ASIDE!



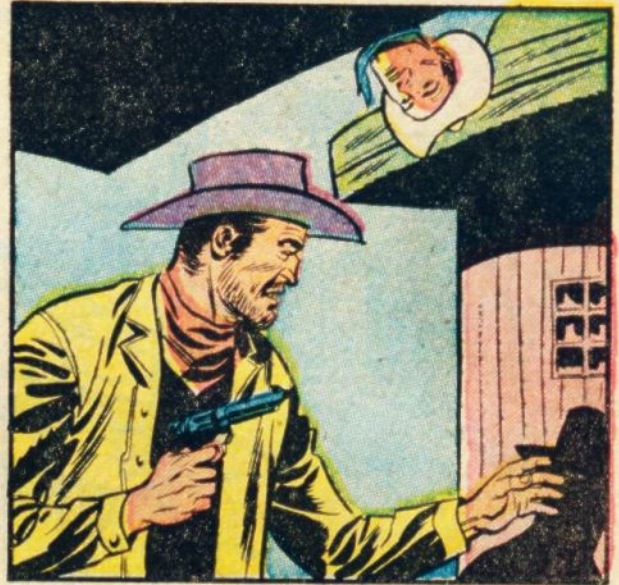
EVERY ONE OF THEM WAS WATCHING ME! THEY KNOW ABOUT THAT GOLD, ALL RIGHT!



COWBOY WESTERN

THE SPEEDING TRAIN BOUNCED ALONG AT HIGH SPEED AND ...

I'LL GO TO THE FRONT END OF THE CAR! THEY MAY NOT HAVE A GUARD UP THERE!



WHAT TH...
OOOFF!

YOU'RE LUCKY WE SLOWED
DOWN FOR THE BEND,
BUSTER-- 'CAUSE YOU
ARE GETTING OFF!



OKAY, BOYS!
THE PARTY'S
OVER! GET
HIS GUN,
DILLON!

GOOD WORK, HICKOK!
THEY TOOK US BY
SURPRISE!



NEXT ONE HITS DEAD
CENTER! DROP
YOUR GUNS!

YOU DROP YOURS,
HICKOK--QUICK!



COWBOY WESTERN



THE GOLD ARRIVED SAFELY AT DODGE, AND MARSHAL HICKOK'S PRISONERS WERE QUICKLY PUT AWAY...



"Peddler Pete from Pintos Point"

The canvas covered wagon was drawn by two horses. Holding the reins was a small thin man in his late fifties. On the outside of the wagon was a hand painted sign which informed everybody that the driver was known as "Peddler Pete." The man stopped his wagon near the bank at Pintos Point. He jumped to the ground from his seat and patted each horse gently on the head. Then he went back to his seat and carried two grain bags. He attached each to the head of a horse and spoke softly to his two animals.

"This is lunch time for you. I am going inside the bank. You two just remain here and wait for me."

Hirman Clark's wife was proud of the fact that her husband was a banker. And since he had a good income she expected him to purchase needed items for their home. Peddler Pete had a small package in his hand. He gave it to Mr. Clark.

"Here's the new flannel for your wife. Should make it easier when she irons your shirts. Three dollars and forty cents will cover everything. I heard that they are making a new kind of shirt in Troy. Detachable collar and cuffs. Soon as it comes on the market I'll get some."

The banker paid for the item and then gave Peddler Pete another order.

"My wife wants to make some blue curtains. Bring her some material on your next trip."

There was something on the banker's mind and he thought he should say something to his best depositor.

"I know that you plan to retire in four months and go back east. You have been putting all your money in United States Bonds. That is the best investment you could make. But you must remain alive to be able to retire.

You refuse to carry a revolver or a rifle. Between some of the raiding redskins and our local bad men you run a terrible risk."

"What risk?" smiled Peddler Pete. "The stories they tell about me help to protect me from harm. I am capable of meeting any situation in an unusual manner."

"That I admit," acknowledged the banker. "I wish I knew your secret. When you announce publicly that you are going to retire, I will head a group to give you a farewell dinner. I expect you will then tell us your secret."

"My word on that," replied Peddler Pete. "In fact I will give you the little brown book which has helped me meet every danger in this so-called wild west."

The peddler went outside. He patted his two horses on the head and removed the feed bags. He drove to the other end of town. His destination was Murphy's Establishment. There he parked his wagon and entered with a large package under his arm. A group of men were in the saloon. They greeted him in a friendly tone.

"Here comes Peddler Pete known as Peaceful Pete."

He gave the package to the owner and informed him of the contents and the price.

"Latest mirror for the home. Just hand me seven dollars and thirty one cents."

Mr. John Murphy paid the bill. At that moment a very tall heavy built man edged his way next to the peddler.

"They tell me you are so peaceful you won't fight. I am going to break you in half. Mean to tell me you won't try to hit me?"

"Before any trouble starts, my friend," suggested Peddler Pete without any fear in his voice, "I want you to come with me to my wagon. Something you should see before you try to break me in half."

The bad man followed by everyone else in Murphy's Establishment went outside. Peddler Pete took a horeshoe from his seat.

"See this?" he asked. "Now watch what I can do to it."

He took each side of the horeshoe in one hand. There was quiet as he began to slowly stretch the horeshoe apart. Then he began to put it back into shape. The bad man was puzzled.

"I can do the same thing."

He was given the horeshoe and struggled to stretch it. But it didn't give an inch. Beads of perspiration formed on his forehead. His veins began to enlarge. Finally he admitted defeat and handed back the horeshoe.

"Still want to break me in half?" challenged Pedler Pete.

"I was only joking," admitted the bad man. "Thought I would scare you a bit."

"I don't scare easily," snapped back the man. "You need this bit of advice. We can all live in peace by being good people. I suggest you start trying that at once."

The next day Peddler Pete started across the prairie in his wagon. His destination was a small group of houses. He was going to deliver some items ordered by the families that lived near Terryman's Creek. Five Indians watched him as he traveled slowly.

"I want his scalp," said Lazy Bones to the other redskins. "Long time no have scalp. They say I am lazy. I am a warrior. Watch me take his scalp. Peddler Pete is peaceful. He will not fight."

The wagon stopped as the redskins approached. The driver jumped to the ground and waited until the redskins had surrounded him.

"What do you want, Lazy Bones?" he began in a calm voice. "Is it my scalp? If so then I shall give it to you right now."

Saying those words, Peddler Pete removed his hat. With his right hand he removed his entire stock of dark black hair. He started to hand it to the Indian when he deliberately dropped it on the ground. The wig began to jump near the horses. The five Indians became terrified. They had never seen anything like this in their lives.

"We don't want your scalp," pleaded Lazy Bones. "We do business with you. I have many silver dollars. You have something to sell to me?"

Peddler Pete took a dozen blankets from his wagon and showed them to the redskins.

"These blankets were made in New Hampshire. For thirty silver dollars you can have them. Then you sell them and make a profit. You should be good business men. Now pay me."

The redskins bought the blankets and started to ride away when Peddler Pete gave them his usual advice.

"We can all live in peace by being good people. I suggest you all start trying this at once."

He continued his journey to Terryman's Creek. He arrived there and delivered the ordered items. He slept in his wagon and the next day continued on his way home. Cowboy Cal and some of the boys from the XI ranch spotted him.

"Let's start shooting it up and scaring that peddler," suggested Cowboy Cal. "We ride up to him. That fellow is too peaceful to suit me."

The cowboys rode up to the wagon and Cowboy Cal spoke this thought.

"We are going to shoot things up. That ought to make you mad. Maybe then you will want to fight."

Suddenly Cowboy Cal's horse turned around and opened his mouth.

"You should be ashamed of yourself! Acting like a two year old dumb kid. You have more important things to do. Go and look for those lost steers. What would happen if we horses decided to act silly?"

There was amazement written all over the faces of the cowboys.

"I was only fooling," said Cowboy Cal. "Nice to see you."

Before they rode away they received the same bit of advice.

"We can all live in peace by being good people. I suggest you start trying at once."

Peddler Pete arrived safely back at Pintos Point. He announced publicly he would retire. So Banker Clark took care of the farewell dinner. Hundreds of people came including the bad man, the redskins, and the cowboys.

"They say that Peddler Pete once called snakes out of the ground when some bad Indians wanted to hold him up," remarked the banker. "Chief Big Noise himself said he saw Peddler Pete eat fire. I wish I knew the truth about all these things."

At the end of the big meal, Peddler Pete handed the banker a small brown book.

"A week after I leave you can open it and find my secret."

A week later the banker and a group of leading citizens of Pintos Point opened the book. The title was: Magician's Catalogue. It had the prices of various items. Some of those checked and ordered were: Trick horeshoe, jumping wig, ventriloquist's throat, imitation snakes, and fire eating apparatus.

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND THE UNCLE'S IN CROOKED UP

A WIDE OPEN TOWN WAS NOTHING NEW TO MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK -- IF HE TOOK THE JOB OF CLEANING IT UP, IT DIDN'T STAY WIDE OPEN VERY LONG. WHAT MADE SPRINGER DIFFERENT WAS THAT NO ONE WANTED IT CLEANED UP... EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN!



WHERE ARE THE LAWMEN IN THIS TOWN, MAYOR WARD? THOSE PUNCHERS ARE GONNA HURT SOMEONE IF THEY'RE NOT STOPPED!

THE LAST MARSHAL WE HAD QUIT! MR. HARRY HAHN CAN TELL YOU WHY!

WE RAN HIM OUT OF TOWN, HICKOK! FOLKS LIKE THIS TOWN THE WAY IT IS!

ROUND-UP BAR

5786



MAYBE THEY'RE AFRAID TO SAY ANYTHING! I'LL TAKE THE MARSHAL'S JOB, MAYOR, IF YOU WANT ME...

YOU'VE GOT IT, MR. HICKOK!

WILD BILL WASTED NO TIME IN GOING TO WORK...



YAHOO! LOOK! A NEW BADGE TOTER! CUTE, AIN'T HE?

YOU'RE GOIN' TO LOOK CUTE ON THE INSIDE OF A CELL! THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE HEADED RIGHT NOW!

COWBOY WESTERN

WILD BILL KNEW THAT EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS WATCHING -- SO HE DECIDED TO IMPRESS THEM...



MARSHAL HICKOK FOUND A WELL ORGANIZED GANG RUNNING THE TOWN. HARRY HAHN BLANDLY WATCHED HIM ARREST MEMBERS OF HIS GANG...

EVERY ONE OF YOUR DEALERS ARE CROOKED, HAHN. I'LL BE TAKIN' YOU TO THE CLINK SOON.

I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS CHEATING -- YOU'D HAVE TO PROVE IT! THAT TAKES EVIDENCE!



HAHN WAS RIGHT -- GUNMEN, GAMBLERS, THIEVES -- HE FILLED THE JAIL WITH THEM -- WHILE THE BOSS WENT FREE...



I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH THAT CRACKER BOX! HERE GOES!



COWBOY WESTERN



WILD BILL STIFFENED FOR AN INSTANT--THEN WITH ONE HAND HE KNOCKED THE LAMP OVER AS HE WHIRLED AND DREW...



AFTER PUTTING OUT THE FIRE WILD BILL FOUND EVIDENCE OF HAHN'S CRIMINAL RING-- BUT HE WAS PUZZLED ABOUT SOME ENTRIES IN ONE LEDGER ...



X IS THE MAN WHO SET ME UP IN BUSINESS HERE. I NEVER SAW HIS FACE-- BUT I HAVE A GOOD IDEA WHO HE IS-- ONCE I FIGURED OUT WHO HE WAS, I DIDN'T HAVE TO PAY OFF ANYMORE!



GET DOWN, HAHN! SOMEONE'S AFTER YOUR HIDE!



COWBOY WESTERN

I THINK I WINGED HIM--
BUT I DIDN'T SEE
HIS FACE!

I DON'T NEED
TO -- THAT WAS
MISTER X!



THE NEWS SPREAD FAST NEXT MORNING--
THE TOWN WAS CLEANED UP! THE SHADY
CHARACTERS LEFT BY THE DOZENS...



I WRENCHED
MY ELBOW!
STUPID OF
ME, WASN'T
IT?

IT SURE WAS, MR. X!
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME TO GET
WELL IN JAIL!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, HICKOK!
YOU NICKED ME LAST NIGHT-- BUT I
CAN STILL PULL A TRIGGER! GET
INTO THE OFFICE...



YOU SHOULD'VE
STUCK TO POLITICS,
BUSTER!



AN HOUR LATER, WILD BILL HICKOK WAS READY
TO RIDE! A NEW MAYOR HAD ALREADY BEEN
PICKED...

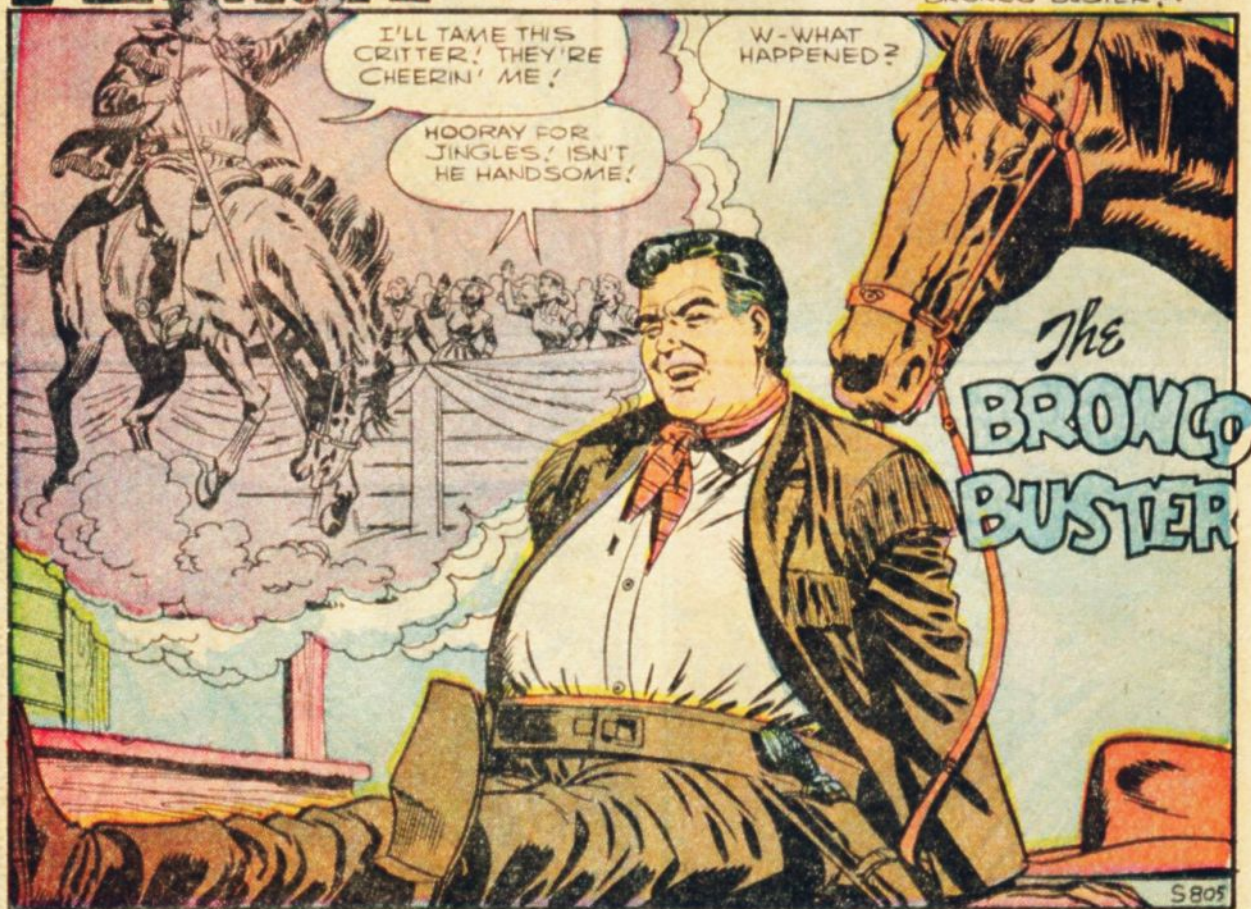


END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles

WHEN WILD BILL HICKOK TAKES THE TRAIL, JINGLES IS ALWAYS THERE TO BACK HIM UP... BUT SOMETIMES WHEN JINGLES GOES OFF BY HIMSELF, HE HAS A LITTLE TROUBLE! FOR INSTANCE, THERE WAS THE TIME WHEN JINGLES HAD A PRETTY GOOD OPINION OF HIS ABILITY AS A BRONCO BUSTER!



JINGLES, THE BRONCO BUSTER, WAS BORN THE DAY HE RODE INTO TOWN ON A ROUTINE ERRAND! THERE WAS A STRONG WIND BLOWING...



COWBOY WESTERN



SO JINGLES FOUND HIMSELF IN THE BRONCO BUSTING BUSINESS...



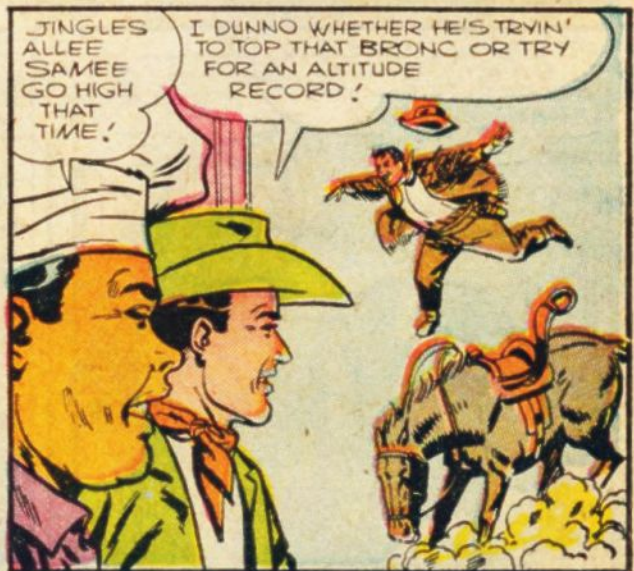
BUT JINGLES CAUGHT HIM AT LAST AND EVEN GOT A SADDLE ON HIM! THEN, HE WAS READY...



COWBOY WESTERN



JINGLES TRIED EVERYTHING IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS! THE BRONCO WAS FRIENDLY BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE ANYONE RIDING HIM...



COWBOY WESTERN

AN HOUR LATER...

THERE -- THE PAINT'LL WASH OFF EASY -- AN' I'LL GET THE LAST LAUGH ON MR. JONES!

TOO BAD YOU NOT RIDDEE AS WELL AS YOU PAINTEE!



JINGLES LED THE PAINTED PONY INTO TOWN! EVERYONE FLOCKED AROUND, WAITING TO HAVE A LAUGH ON SOMEONE...

GAVE UP, EH JINGLES? I KNEW YOU COULDN'T TOP THAT PONY!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MR. JONES!



WELL, IT'S STARTING TO RAIN BUT I GUESS...

RAIN? OMIGOSH! I GOT TO GET THIS HORSE INSIDE -- HEH, HEH, MIGHT CATCH A COLD, Y'KNOW!



JINGLES HURRIEDLY PUT THE RINGER INTO THE STABLE! HE KNEW THAT THE RAIN WOULD WASH OFF HIS BEAUTIFUL PAINT JOB...

A LITTLE RAIN WON'T HURT HIM! GO AHEAD AND RIDE HIM!

NO, SIR! WHAT IF THE POOR THING GOT HIS FEET WET? NOPE, I'LL WAIT TILL THE RAIN STOPS!



MEANWHILE, THREE MEN TALKED ON THE EDGE OF TOWN -- THREE MEN WANTED BY THE LAW...

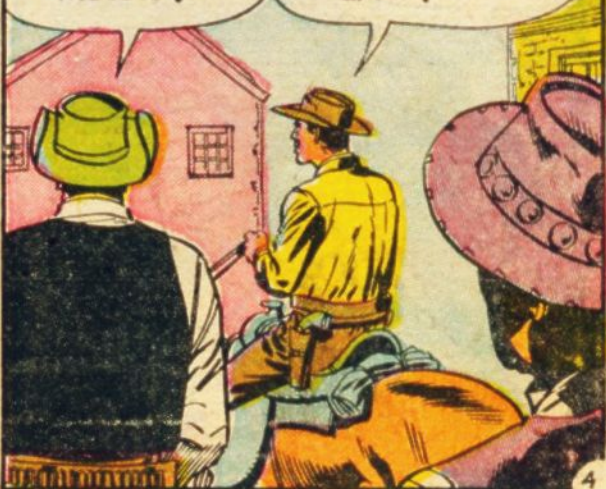
THIS'LL BE A CINCH, BOYS! MARSHAL HICKOK IS OUT OF TOWN!

AS LONG AS HICKOK AIN'T THERE, I AIN'T WORRIED! LET'S GO!



WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY JINGLES? HE MIGHT BE TROUBLE!

WE'RE THREE TUN ONE, AIN'T WE? RELAX, THIS'LL BE EASY!



COWBOY WESTERN

MR. JONES WAS IMPATIENT TO GET BACK TO THE BANK -- BUT HE WAITED PATIENTLY UNTIL THE RAIN STOPPED...



SUDDENLY...



I TOLD YUH TUH QUIT... YEOWW... HERE WE GO AGAIN!



HOLD STILL, TUBBY! YUH WON'T GET HURT IF YUH DON'T MAKE TROUBLE!

QUIT JOKIN', WILL YOU? MY PRIDE IS HURT ENOUGH NOW! AND A COUPLA OTHER PLACES DON'T TICKLE EITHER!



COWBOY WESTERN

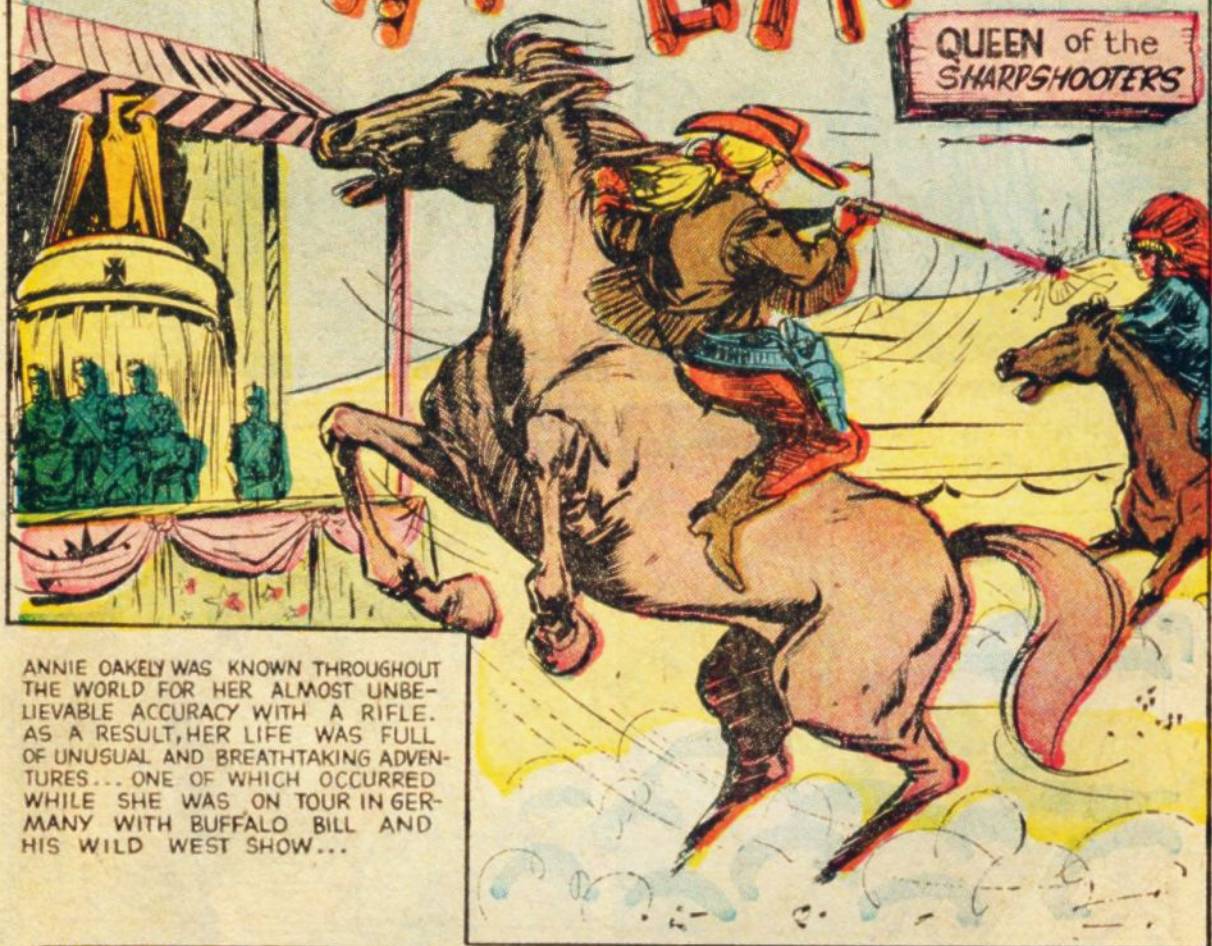


END

COWBOY WESTERN

ANNIE OAKLEY

QUEEN of the
SHARPSHOOTERS



ANNIE OAKLEY WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR HER ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE ACCURACY WITH A RIFLE. AS A RESULT, HER LIFE WAS FULL OF UNUSUAL AND BREATHTAKING ADVENTURES... ONE OF WHICH OCCURRED WHILE SHE WAS ON TOUR IN GERMANY WITH BUFFALO BILL AND HIS WILD WEST SHOW...

BACKSTAGE ONE EVENING WITH
BUFFALO BILL AND HER HUSBAND

WAL ANNIE, HOW'D YA FEEL?
NOT A MITE SCART' SEEIN' ALL
THEM CROWNS OUT THERE TONIGHT,
BE YA? THE PRINCE HISSELF'LL
BE THAR.'

NOPE, NOT 'SCART'A BIT.
THEY'S ALL THE SAME
TO FRANK, ME, AN'
THIS HERE RIFLE.

GOOD GAL
ANNIE!



COWBOY WESTERN

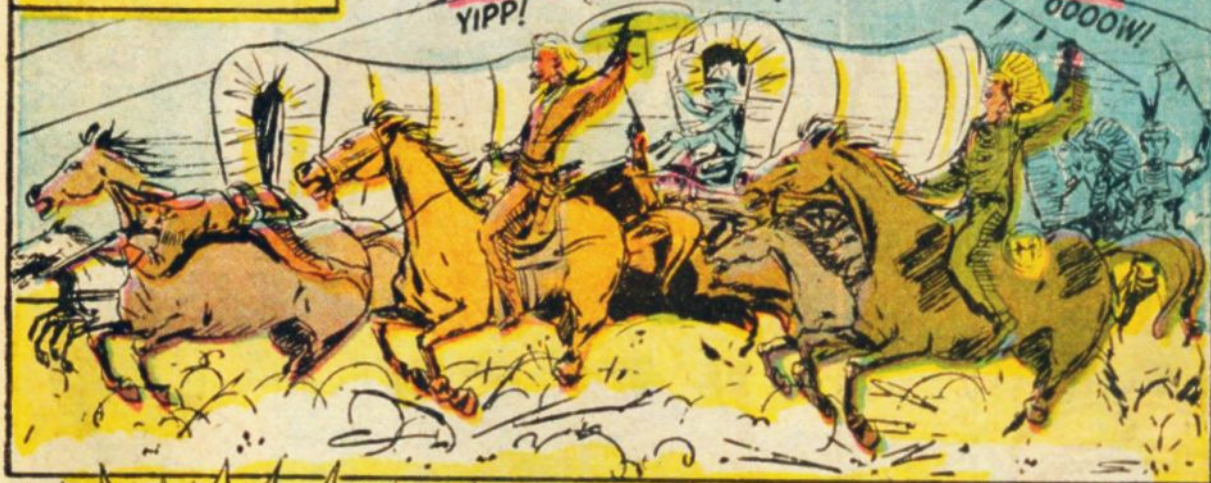
BUFFALO BILL AND HIS
WILD WEST SHOW, THE
GREATEST HORSE
EXTRAVAGANZA ON EARTH...

BUFFALO BILL'S
WILD WEST SHOW

YIPP!

YIPPIE!

OOOW!



...PRESENT "WATANYA CICILIA"
LITTLE SURE SHOT, DAUGHTER OF
THE FIERCE CHIEF SITTING BULL, IN AN
AMAZING AND ALTOGETHER ASTOUNDING
DISPLAY OF TRIGGER GENIUS!

ANNIE'S HUSBAND ASSISTS HER AS SHE
USES A BOWIE KNIFE FOR A MIRROR...

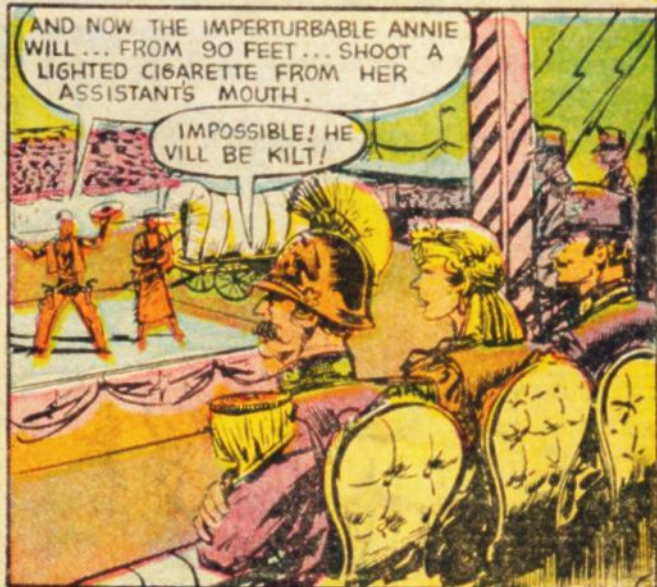


NEITHER GUN NOR EYE FAIL HER
AS AT THIRTY PACES.....

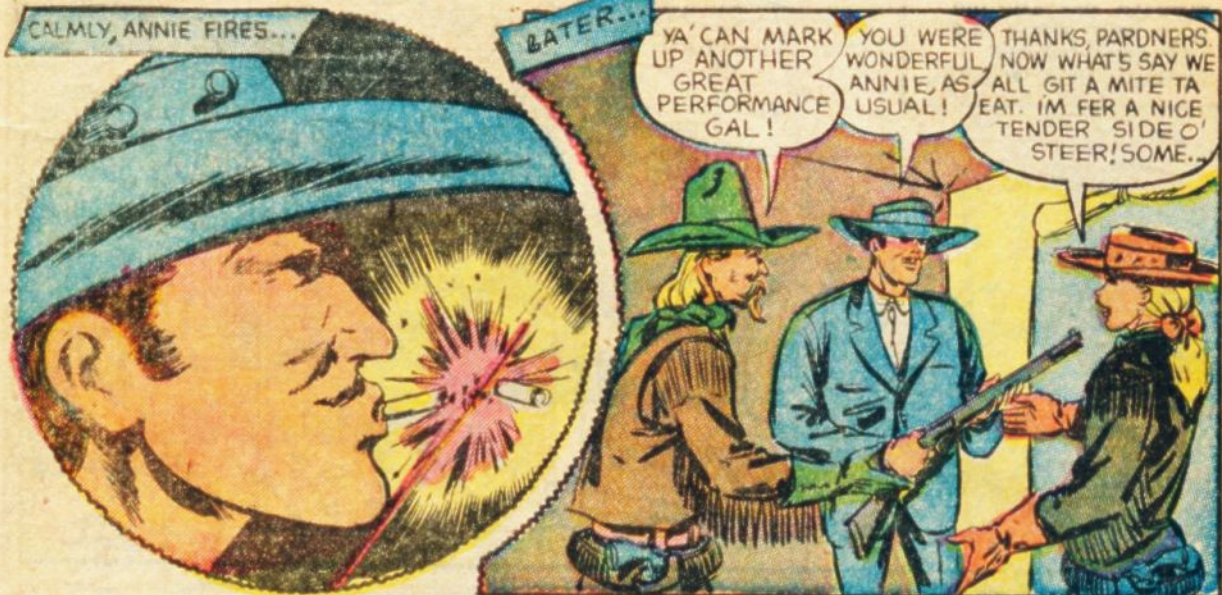


AND NOW THE IMPERTURBABLE ANNIE
WILL ... FROM 90 FEET ... SHOOT A
LIGHTED CIGARETTE FROM HER
ASSISTANT'S MOUTH.

IMPOSSIBLE! HE
VILL BE KILT!



COWBOY WESTERN

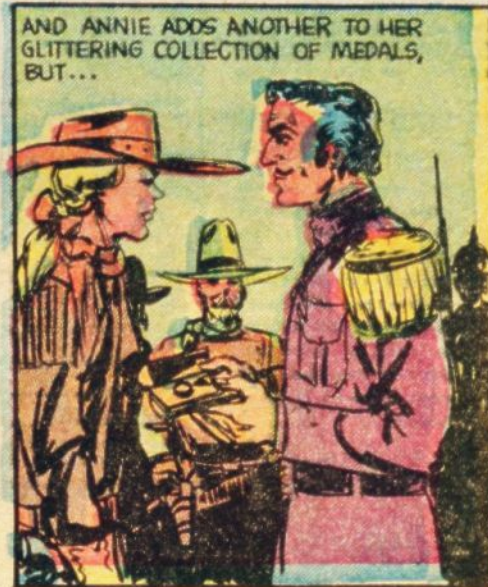
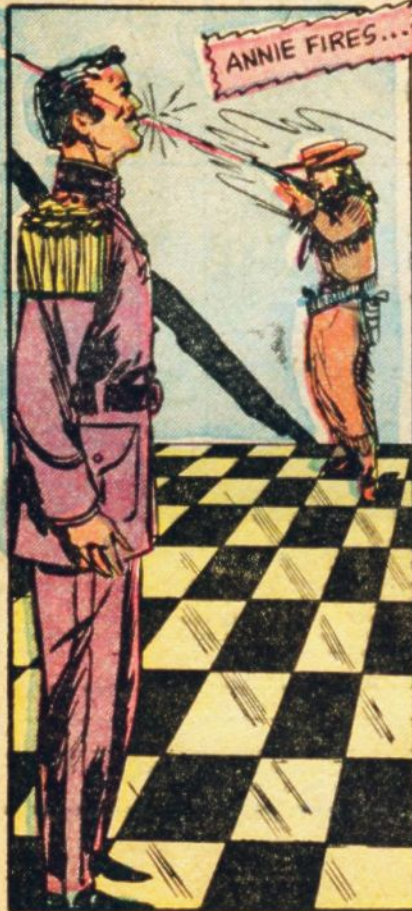


LOOK HERE, ANNIE, A MESSAGE FROM THE CROWN PRINCE! HE'S ASKING FOR YOU TO COME TO THE PALACE, TONIGHT. IT'S A COM- AND PERFORMANCE!

DOGGONE!-I KIN HARDLY REFUSE SECH A' IMPORTANT GENT. GUESS WE'LL HAFTA PUT OFF TH' STEAK AWHILE. YA COMIN', FELLAS?



COWBOY WESTERN



LITTLE DID SHE REALIZE THAT IN THE NOT TOO FAR FUTURE WORLD THE CIVILIZED WORLD WOULD BE STRUGGLING TO GAIN HER ONE OPPORTUNITY.. TO STAND WITH A BEAD DRAWN ON KAISER WEILHELM II THE CROWN PRINCE WHO BECAME GERMANY'S DREAD LEADER IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR.



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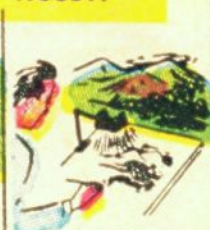
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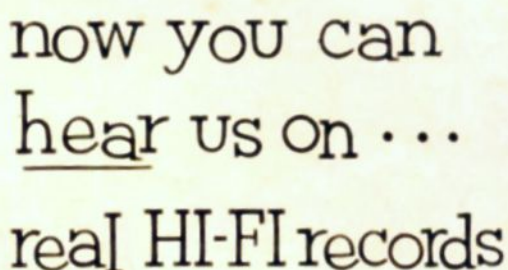
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hey!
hey kids!



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SKINNY
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